REVIEW.

Thursday, June 11. 1713.

BEfore I take my leave of you all, you muſt bear with my freedom a little, in reproving one epidemick Miſchief which I ſee ſo growing upon you all; that it becomes a Rarity now to ee any of you that are not tainted with it; nay, he Sobereſt, the Graveſt, the Modeſteſt, the moſt Vertuous, the moſt Religious among us, whether Church of *England* or Diſſenter, without diſtinction, obſerve you are all ſtrangely addicted to the moliſh, tho' abominable Vice of MODERN WHORING.

Let none be ſurpriſed at the black Charge, for I hall not fail to make it out to you, however odd it nay appear: A ſtrange Temper it is, I confeſs, but *it is*, I hardly, rarely, very rarely find a Man among you but has his Whore; nay, ſo avowedly, nd ſo openly is this Lewdneſs carried on, that is committed in the Face of the Sun without luſhing, without ſhame, without fear of Reproof from Man, or Vengeance from Heaven.

Nor is this Crime committed without its uſual atendants; you know the natural Puniſhment of inatiable Vice, is manifeſt in nauſeous Diſtempers and Contagious Fevers in the Blood, and many a foul Diſeaſe is the Vice I charge you with attended with.

I am not addicted to long Preambles, much leſs ow I have ſo little time to ſpeak in; the ſhort of ny Charge is this, That the furious perſuit of Pride, Luxury, Avarice, Strife, Rage, Error, and ll the avowed Miſchiefs of the Age, can be expreſed by nothing ſo naturally, or reprov'd ſo effectually s by the Sin of Whoring; the Paſſion with which ll our Vices is embraced, are not of the ſame kind nly, but even exerted in the ſame Criminal manner, as in the leudneſs of a Whoremaſter.

Nor let the Men of Profeſſion, the Men of Religion, nay, not the Clergy of all kinds, think themelves exempt; this Man's Pride, that Learned Author's Pen, this Reverend Miniſter's Books are his Whore, and the Paſſion they entertain them with, he Vanity they extend them with, the Shew they nake of them, are the excurſions of that particular Appetite with which they careſs their reſpective Miſtreſſes, even to a criminal Exceſs, ſcandalous as Whoredom, and in ſome manner even brutal and abſurd like the Vice.

I am not without Sacred Authority for what I ſay, when God himſelf calls the particular Crime of Idolatry, in the *Jews, going a Whoring after other Gods*; *Judah* and *Iſrael*, under the Names of *Aholah* and *Aholibah* are in the Propheſie of *Ezekiel*, charg'd with Whoredom and Fornication, *Ezek.* 23. *v.* 4. and our Bleſſed Lord calls the People of the *Jews a wicked and adulterous Generation*, Matth. 16. 14. and the Scripture is full of Expreſſions of the like kind.

But I have no need of flying to ſo Divine Authority for detecting the Follies of this Whoring Generation; the Lewdneſs of this Age is ſo Epidemick a Diſtemper, the Vanity runs ſo high, that common Experience is the beſt Satyr upon you, and expoſes you to your ſelves.

I might begin among our great Folks, for Whoring was never quite excluded from the Court; my Lord ——— famous for purſuing his Party Views, with an implacable Temper, *his Revenge* is his WHORE ——— Who would he not pull down, what Honour, what Principle will he not trample upon, what Faith and Religion will he not Mortgage to enjoy this Whore? How does he every Day expoſe his Intemperance (Lewdneſs) in purſuit of this Strumpet, and is not aſham'd to Court her in the very view of Mankind?

——— *Ditto* in Quality, *a great Office* is his WHORE; What Bear, robb'd of her Whelps, ever roar'd lowder, or was more dangerous to meet in a bye Path, than this depoſed Stateſman, ever ſince he was robb'd of his Whore? And tho' it remains a doubt among the Learned, whether this Miſtreſs of his was taken from him by Violence, or that ſhe really jilted him for Incompetence, and withdrew of courſe; yet, as Naturaliſts ſay, That unperforming Creatures are tormented with the ſtrongeſt Deſires; ſo this Impotent State Whoremaſter has ſuch an inſatiable Itch after the Whore that has forſaken him, that he will leave no Stone unturn'd to recover her, however improbable the Succeſs appear: He has chang'd from ſide to ſide, ſpoke long and loud, and little to the Purpoſe, and

all

all in pursuit of this Coquet, the Whore he is so fond of.

——— A sober grave Gentleman, like the late Dr. *Salmon*, having more printed than digested Learning in his Custody, keeps Two Thousand Volumes ready for every Occasional Visit: Thus his Library is his Whore, and he delights, tho' ancient and past the Vice of reading, to look on the beauty and outside, the *Binding* and *Dress* of this gilded Strumpet, without being capable of enjoying her, and as if he fear'd not to be rivaled in his Passion, he exposes her to every one he meets, tho' often upon Attempts made by Men of Curiosity, they have found her to be worth no bodies Enjoyment but his that has her, and that all her Intrinsick lies in the Back and the Binding.

——— A profitable Whoremaster to the Common-Wealth, his Bottle is his Whore; every Night he revels and loses himself in the vile Embrace of this Scarlet Strumpet; is truly debauch'd, and gets the foul Disease of habitual Drunkenness as his inseparable Infection.

I have not room for Characters of Persons, nor time to talk out the Subject; the thing that leads your Humour, your Fancy, or your Affection into any Excesses, is your Whore. The plodding Tradesman, his Shop is his Whore. The gay Fop, that shews nothing but his Feathers, and turns Posture-Master to his Family, his Dress and Appearance is his Whore. The Affectation, Gesture, and Conceit of Parts, perhaps more than they are Masters of, is many a young Student's Whore, besides *B. O.* and which ridiculous Strumpet they carry always about with them into Company, into Study, into City, into Country, nay, into the Pulpit, to assist Fools to laugh at them, and to surfeit wise Men with the unsufferable Impertinence.

Reading is one Man's Whore, Writing anothers, and neglect of both, a lazy Whore belonging to a third. One Man makes a Whore of one Man's Works, and one of another. The *Examiner* is some Peoples Whore, the *Guardian* others, and a few Fools make Whores of their own. How many have ravish'd the *Spectator*, and what secret Whoredom has been committed upon the Person of the poor Dr. *A.* makes his Horse his Whore. *B.* his fine Coach. *C.* his Weekly new Cloaths. *D.* his Pack of Hounds. *G* . . . sets four Hours a Day to look at his new Bovet (Whore) fill'd with a Thousand Pounds worth of gilt Plate.

What a Whoring Generation is this! *F.* is newly made a Baronet, and never tires with looking at his new Coat of Arms; like the *Indian* King at *Virginia*, who being presented with a Lock to his House-Door, pleas'd himself with locking and unlocking it a Thousand times a Day. *E.* is made a Justice, and the Title of Worship is his *Whore*.

Shall we turn it to Parties? No: Then you will be angry — But I'll touch you gently: We have now publick Whores in that affair used in common, tho' peculiar to this Coffee-House, and to that Club; and these are generally railing Whores, some at the Government, some at the Succession, some at the *French*, some at the *Dutch*, some at the Peace, some at the War, some at the Union, some at the Trade; and how do the Men of this Whoring Generation follow these popular Strumpets? How do they run after them to the Coffee-Houses and publick Places? And just as it is laid out, or according to the Whore they love, so they frequent this or that Coffee-House where she haunts, even from honest *Jenney Man's*, to *Tom Tyler's*, &c.

And what Whore are you for, said one that stood at my Elbow when I wrote this? — Why, I'll tell you my Case in a few words; Perhaps this Paper has been *my Whore*, at least formerly, when it pleased you; if so, then like the *Israelites*, that put away their strange Wives, I have resolved to part with her, and so I escape the lash of my own Satyr. Writing upon Trade was the Whore I really doated upon, and design'd to have taken up with, but she is ravish'd out of my hands by the *Mercator*; so for the future, if I have any share in the Vice I blame you for, it will be in doating upon a quiet Retreat, which it shall, if I can help it, be in no bodies Power to interrupt. And so, Gentlemen, fare you well.

Exit REVIEW

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